

I also wish to record the capture of a Black Vulture at Black Point, East Lyme, on July 6, 1901, by Mr. Robert Payne. The bird was seen to alight in a pig-pen and feed with the pigs. It was secured and is now in my mounted collection of birds. No others were seen.—JAMES H. HILL, *New London, Conn.*

Ontario Bird Notes.—A Dovekie (*Alle alle*) was shot Nov. 18, 1901, by H. Macdonald, a fisherman, two miles out in the lake from Toronto, Ontario. Mr. John Maughn, a taxidermist, now has it in his possession. I was present when he opened the stomach, which was empty except for a few small fish bones. It was a female and evidently a young bird, as there was no white on the secondaries and the back was slaty instead of a black.

A pair of Little Blue Herons (*Ardea herodias*) was taken by J. W. Anderson at Aylmer, Ont., a small inland town about nine miles north of Lake Erie, August 15, 1901. Two more were shot within a few miles of this place some time ago; all four were in the white plumage, with the primaries tipped with slate color.

A Canada Jay (*Perisoreus canadensis*) was also taken by J. W. Anderson, at Aylmer on Nov. 9, 1901.

A specimen of the Pine Grosbeak (*Pinicola enucleator*) was taken at Whitby, Ont., Nov. 18, 1901, from a number that had been in that vicinity for some time, and was sent to me by a friend.—J. H. AMES, *Toronto, Ontario.*

Solution of the 'Ornithological Mystery.'—I was much pleased to read Mr. Brewster's article, 'An Ornithological Mystery,' in the October number of 'The Auk,' as I feel certain I can help to solve it, as I myself had a bird which answers exactly to the description of the Yellow Rail (*Porzana noveboracensis*).

On Sept. 13, 1900, while in Mr. Hope's bird store, Queen St., Toronto, he told me he had a live rail for me, and when I saw it I was delighted to find it was a Yellow Rail, which had been taken by a man on the Humber River (particulars unknown). I had a cage made for him, 2½ by 1½ feet, with a metal bottom, in which I kept sand and about half an inch of water, with some aquatic plants, which I thought would be suitable for my new friend.

The little fellow became very tame, and I let him out occasionally, but he made no attempt at flying. Mr. Brewster speaks of 'the Mystery' as the 'Kicker,' while the female portion of my household christened my bird 'the Scold.' I kept the cage on the kitchen floor and he would invariably scold the first person who went into the room in the morning, and if any of their skirts brushed up against the cage he would be sure to scold them with his familiar call *kik-kik-kik-kik-queah*. If we went into the room at night and lighted the gas and surprised him he would use the longer call, *kik-kik-kik-kik-kik-kik-kik-kik-ki-queah*; and on two occasions, when he was at ease he uttered a note exactly like the Indigo Bunting's *chip*.